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THE FIELD FOR AQUARELLES

BY OWEN RISQUE.

With original illustrations by the Water Color Society of Cleveland.



Drawn by E. W. Palmer, Jr.
KEEPING WATCH.

LAKE ERIE, spreading out bright, soft tinted, and limitless, is a sufficient reason for the new Water Color Society of Cleveland. The only marvel is that Cleveland, having always had Lake Erie, should have existed so long without the Society.

It is undoubtedly true that different regions, and particularly different bodies of water, suggest their own artistic medium. The open sea or a great restless lake like Michigan, seems to require oils—not alone to pour upon its troubled waters but to represent them faithfully. Other more quiet-loving lakes, and almost all streams and bays, adapt themselves naturally to aquarelles, while low-lying, green, sluggish ponds full of lily-pads and rushes seem only to receive

justice from sepia and the etching point.

Among the many paintable spots about Lake Erie, and not too far from Cleve-



Drawn by George P. Bradley.

LAND END OF BREAKWATER, CLEVELAND.

land, I shall always remember Mouse Island ; a circlet of the daintiest aquarelles. It is the epitome of an island and holds all that an artist could desire for days, though its inlets and its bays, its woods, its one sandy beach, and its jutting cliffs are all in miniature. The clear pearl-gray waves break over its tiny jagged coast and throw up their white spray in vigorous showers, as if they were doing it on purpose to be caught in the act and put upon paper by any available artist ; and in their behalf I cannot resist speak-



Drawn by C. H. Benjamin.
THE SWING.

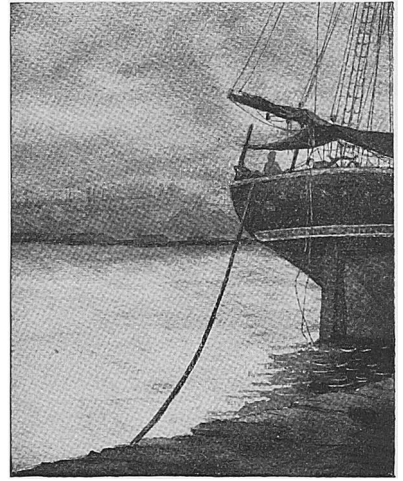
ing this word to the members of the Cleveland club. Like innumerable other places in the fresh-water lakes, Mouse Island is cheerfully waiting for its water-colorist. But let us hope that the same kind fate that set its natural enemy, Cat Island, half a continent away in the calming waters of the Gulf of Mexico, may continue to guard it and keep away every artist who would not do it justice.

The possibilities of such an organization as the Water Color Society are very great, and it cannot but exert a beneficial influence, for its object will be to bring together all water-colorists of distinction in the region, and by coöperation encourage the general study of

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The vicinity of Cleveland has not been as much haunted by painters in the past as it undoubtedly will be in the future. The art movement in the city by the lake is of comparatively recent origin, though it has progressed rapidly and thoroughly in the last few years. It is not unlikely that in the next decade it will take Cleveland will be known as well as an artistic centre



Drawn by William Warren Sabin.
IN THE OLD RIVER-BED.



Drawn by H. W. Lewis.

UNDER THE HILL.

the fine arts. It will hold exhibitions at least semi-annually, and this frequency of exposition will have a tendency to keep the members active in production. They will be free to the public, and each one will be formally opened by a reception to the patrons of the society. The president is George P. Bradley, a water-colorist of more than local reputation, who has been identified with the art interests of the city for years.

The vice-president is George C. Groll; the secretary and treasurer, C. H. Benjamin, and the active members are Charles H. Ault, Ora Coltman, W. W. Sabin, and O. V. Schubert. The accompanying illustrations, taken from their sketches, give an idea of the work that is being done among the members.

Cleveland artists are to be envied the freshness of their field. The lake front is very different from the seashore. Instead of monotonous sandy reaches the green country comes close to the water's edge. Where there is no forest there are orchards or vineyards, and dotted among them are the towns. To one who knew these forests when they ruled the State, and before the settlers had ceased



Drawn by O. V. Schubert.

NEAR DETROIT.



Drawn by George C. Groll.

THE OLD RIVER-BED.

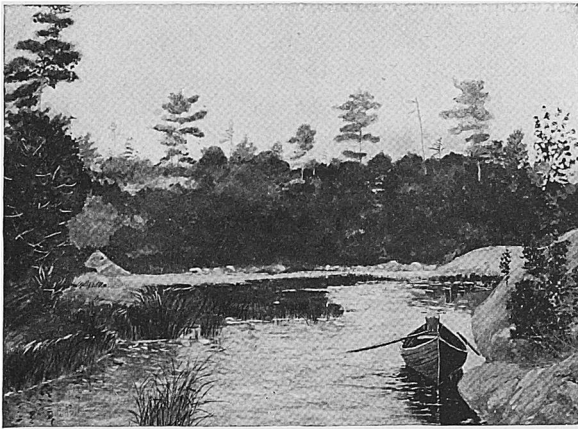
using black walnut for fire-wood, even the verdure of the country looks a little bare ; and yet there are still enough of the woods for the purposes of an artist.

Where the trees are left the wild flowers crowd under them as if they were trying to escape from the thorough-going tiller of the soil. There are the typical American flowers that grow in all well-regulated places, and in some spots the ground is covered by a quivering mist of pink *Girardias*. They come with



Drawn by Ora Coltman.

A PORTRAIT.



Drawn by Charles H. Ault.

AN INLET OF GEORGIAN BAY.

the autumn flowers, but mingled with the white and gold and purple of the season their color and their frailness are like a memory of spring, which is another inspiration.

For not only waters and places, but seasons are suggestive of manner and means to one who studies them critically and yet would interpret them with imagination. Summer and autumn call for fuller, deeper tones, but spring belongs to water-colorists—and poets.



Drawn by Otto Ructenik.

ON A SUMMER EVENING.